

MARS'S HOLIDAY;

OR,

A Trip to the Camp.

A LOCAL MUSICAL SKETCH,

AS REPRESENTED

AT

SADLER'S WELLS.

1792.

C H A R A C T E R S.

DEPUTY SUDS	—	<i>Mr. Dubois,</i>
JACKY SUDS	—	<i>Master Grimaldi,</i>
ESSEX FARMER	—	<i>Mr. Wordsworth,</i>
BUCK	—	<i>Mr. Perry,</i>
DRUNKEN LIEUTENANT	—	<i>Mr. Gauron,</i>
CITIZEN SHOEMAKER	—	<i>Mr. Smith,</i>
OLD ADMIRAL	—	<i>Mr. Boyce,</i>
FOP	—	<i>Mr. Wagner,</i>
WAITER	—	<i>Mr. Fairbrother,</i>
OFFICERS IN CAMP	{	<i>Mess. Wordsworth, Vincent, Bologna, Durancy, Boismaison, Redige, Fialon, &c. &c.</i>
And ARTILLERY DRIVER	—	<i>Mr. Dighton.</i>
MRS. SUDS	—	<i>Mrs. Baker,</i>
CITIZEN'S WIFE	—	<i>Mrs. Carne,</i>
ADMIRAL'S HOUSEKEEPER	—	<i>Mrs. Brooker,</i>
MILLENER	—	<i>Mad. Marchesini,</i>
DEMOISELLE	—	<i>Mad. Moset,</i>
And LADIES AT CAMP	{	<i>Mrs. Dighton, And Miss Keys.</i>

Waiters, Passengers, Camp Visitors, Soldiers, &c. &c.

MARS'S HOLIDAY, &c.

*The Songs, &c. introduced in the different Scenes of
the piece are as follow.*

SCENE, I.

An Inn,—*with the departure of the Camp Caravan.*

MEDLEY SONG.

Farmer.

Fine times for fising and drumming,
With lords and ladies on Bagshot Heath ;
Soon there the king's a-coming,
And I'll be among 'em as sure as death.
Lord ! Who'd hobble after the plow ?
Why there's far better pastime now !
So, Essex good bye, for a frolic to Bagshot,
I'll be for Bagshot,
Gentle and simple are going to Bagshot ;—
Who'd stay at home, when so fine he may ride
To this holiday, row, de, dow ?—

City

City Buck.

Ye dull city drudges, ye dreamers, good bye,
Since my governor camps it, pray why shou'd not I?
While he in his gig, down to Bagshot is flogging,
The best gig for me—is in this to be jogging.

Coachman.

The horses are to, and you're just in the nick,
I takes you to Bagshot for *eight and a kick* ;—
Man, woman, and baggage, all pleasant and easy,—
Five hours, and I lands-you with Master Demezey.

To see the rare popping and shooting,
The wheeling, and marching and scouting,
The trumpetting, drumming and tooting,
And all the rum gig of the camp.—

Would you trundle down on a saving plan,
For a peep at the camp, Sirs, I'm your man;
You'll find all snug as a field marquee;
Then in you pops, and away goes we,
With a ding dong! dash along! hey geo ho!

SCENE

SCENE, II.

The outskirts of the Camp.

SONG.

Deputy Suds.

Business now for a while laid by,
 All to the Camp ding, dong, are a-gadding,
 Money or none,—away they fly,
 Hit or miss—'tis an age to be mad in;
 Merchant sparks,
 Lawyer's clerks,
 Puff'd with pride and vain emulation,
 Trim'd and dress'd,
 Fine as the best,
 All take share of the frolic in fashion.
 With a row, dow, dow, &c.

Students now the gown resign,
 Heedless alike of this or that form;
 The learned exercise decline,
 To see the exercise of the platform.
 City blades,
 Leave their trades,
 Physic dons their consultation;
 Tories, Whigs,
 Prudes and Prigs,
 All take share of the frolic in fashion.
 With a row, dow, dow, &c.

Miss with her streamers gaily spread,
 At the red coats comes to be staring ;
 Madam's maid with a drest-up head,
 Madam's self, in her dress out flaring.
 No degrees
 Now one sees,
 All to be equals now is the passion ;
 All in a groupe,
 Cock-a-hoop !
 All take share of the frolic in fashion.
 With a row, dow, dow, &c.

Why should not I, then, join the plan,
 And for once,—to humour a play day,
 Fancy myself a gentleman,
 And old Marry, here, a lady ?
 Why should'nt I,
 Who, by the bye,
 Have for a wet day made preparation ;
 Like a jest
 Well as the best,
 And take share of the frolic in fashion ?
 With a row, dow, dow, &c.

SONG.

Jacky Suds.

Pa'—there's houses made of cloth,
And kitchens too for cooking broth ;—
Things where mutton chops are fry'd,
And a many, many things beside.

Soldiers drink a jolly cup,
While drumming keeps their spirits up :
Pa', make haste, and let us go,
'Tis a finer sight than Lord May'r's *shew*,

SONG.

Artillery Driver,

I late was a waggoner fly and dry,
As e'er jogg'd over the Downs,
No market crofs was known better than I
In all the neighbouring towns ;
But hating a tiresome, lazy life,
And fearless of wounds and death,
I fet out on a tramp,
To follow the Camp,
And drive, to the jig of a drum and a fife,
King's cattle on Bagshot heath.

There

There see me parade,
 I'the soldiering trade,
 And shoulder my whip—just so,—
 Gee—ee—oo—oup! Gallows!—Would you walk
 over the ladies?—Stand out of the line of march
 you jemmy ge'mman in black—great guns pay
 no respect to parsons.
 Wo! Crop, wo!
 But they heeds not what I say,
 So I whistles and flogs away.

Our generals oft in a woundy brawl,
 On purpose to shew their skill,
 Sends we and the cattle and cannon and all
 A cantering up a hill;
 But what d'ye think is the next thing done,
 When we gets to the top? why then
 Comes a kind of a man,
 As they calls aid-de-cam—
 'Ad rat-un for spoiling the best of the fun,—
 And gallops us down again—
 Then in front and rear
 If you could but hear
 How quick the firings go.
 Pop, pop, pop—pop—pop—Zounds! Major,—
 get out of the way, don't you see we are coming
 upon

upon you with fix'd bayonets?—Would you
have us kill one another, and be damn'd to ye?—
Stop says I.

Wo ! Captain, wo !

But they heeds not what I say,
So I whistles and flogs away.

Then at night in a canvas round-about
Neither comfort nor cold we feel,—

Where a dozen or more lay foot to foot
Like the spokes of a catherine wheel !

All higgledy-piggledy, pigs in the straw
We snooze without thinking of harm,

Till a signal goes

To jump into our cloaths

And as fine a confusion as ever you saw

Is a midnight false alarm

There, oft' you'll see

From the snug marquee,

A belle turn out for a beau.

Ah !—ah !—a —ah !— Fire ! Thieves !—for

Heaven's sake, young man, what is the matter?—

Bless your pretty face, Miss, 'tis only a camp fro-

lic;—I suppose you thought the Captain was
going to hop the twig, and bilk the reckoning, eh?

Wo ! Smiler, wo !

But she minds not what I say,

So I whistles and flogs away.

B

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Camp Scene, at the rear of the Lines.

Stammering Glee.

Pray, Sur, can you tell,—Oh! Sur, can you tell
Pray which is the place where the captain do dwell?

Be quick Sir—be quick, Sir—

That way or thick, Sir?

Zounds! you'll be all day Sur,—you trifle adad—

Such stuttering such stammering would make a man mad!

SCENE IV.

Demezeys Tent.

DUET.

1 Lady. Of all the gay sparks that can please so well
Our jolly young foldiers the rest excell,
Those blades in cockades look so neatly, sweetly,
Winning the heart of each sprightly belle.

2 Lady. Walking and talking they simp'ring smile,

1 Lady. Rattling and prattling each heart beguile.

2 Lady. Cap'ring and vap'ring,

1 Lady. And teasing and pleasing,

Both. They conquer the ladies, both rank and file. ' 1

2 Lady.

- 2 *Lady.* If they fancy a maiden with mein so shy,
 They follow her closely till nobody's by;
 Then lisping, and whisp'ring, and smiling,
 smiling,
 Tell a soft tale with a roughish eye.
- 1 *Lady.* Facing, embracing, with tears and pray'rs,
- 2 *Lady.* Dying, denying, the rover's airs,
- 1 *Lady.* Swearing, despairing.
- 2 *Lady.* Bewailing, prevailing,
 They shoot at our hearts thro' our eyes and ears.

GLEE.

How merrily we live, that soldiers be!
 Round the world we march with merry glee;
 On the pleasant downs sometimes encamp'd we lie,
 No cares we know, but fortune's frowns defy,
 So long as we can see our colours fly.—

SCENE V.

A general View of the Camp,

SONG AND CHORUS.

Officer.

WHILE the Nations around us all vengefully arm,
 And the heart of the Continent trembles alarm,

Gentle

Gentle Peace on our Isle sheds her blessings serene,
And Bellona's gay pomp but enlivens the scene.

Then Hey to the camp with a martial air,
Ye Britons, who long to enjoy a jolly day,
Love, Wit, and Beauty, see hither repair,
And join in the pleasures of Mars's holiday.

Come Englishman all, to the field then repair,
No contest but that of true friendship is there ;
'Tis an army of Britons we give to your view,
A rod in terrorem, to all except you.

Hey to the camp, &c.

Ye Fair, who to rout that invader the spleen,
Ever change your attack by some new change of scene,
Come away to the camp, and the foe you shall find,
Either flying before us, or sculking behind.

Hey to the Camp, &c.

May Wisdom long clasp the main props of the State,
And Prudence watch o'er the designings of Fate,
So shall Britain thus nobly her leifures employ,
And the reign of a Brunswick bring wealth, peace and joy!

Hey to the Camp, &c.

